

Boredom

by Esme

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Summary: You never know what you might find yourself doing when you're bored...

Boredom

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> boredom

Title: Boredom

> Author: Esme
 Date: 27th November 1999

> Category: Fluff

> Disclaimer: I so can't be bothered trying to write a creative disclaimer, so let's just say that I don't own these characters or anything related to Water Rats. I don't even own the car this was inspired by.

> Author's Notes: well this wasn't the fic I was intending to send today. This is one that I quickly wrote at midnight last night. I got the inspiration the other night when I was waiting for my mother to get Chinese take-away. See I've got my L's so I'm learning to drive, and we just bought a new car (well second-hand, but it's new to us). So while I was waiting I was playing with everything. And I just got this idea. It's just fluff as a certain person would say, but I'm not trying to steal her tiara, coz this isn't that good. And I hope no one else has written a story called 'Boredom' coz I had a feeling someone had, but I tried to check it at the archive, but for some reason not just the archive but every thing I tried to look at today just wouldn't load. AAAARRRGGGHHH! Sometimes the net can be so infuriating! Sorry.

> Dedication: this is dedicated to the Queen of Fluff, coz she's just a legend and I'm so jealous of her.

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> Boredom
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>
 Rachel sat in the car feeling disgusted. The look on her face could probably wound someone from about 50 metres, and certainly fatally injure within 20 metres.

>
 She was disgusted with Jack. That wasn't much different from normal of course, but she was also terribly bored. Jack had gone into the shop about ten minutes ago. He'd insisted on going in alone, saying that he could deal with it better by himself. Rachel hadn't even bothered to give him a dirty look - she'd just ignored him.

>
 So she was sitting in the car feeling utterly bored out of her brains. She watched the shop for a while but it was a Chinese restaurant/take-away shop and this was lunchtime, so there were people going in and out all the time - nothing really interesting. There was absolutely no sign of Jack. She watched people going in to all the other shops, and she watched the pedestrians walking past. Then she watched the cars driving up and down the street and tried to decide which ones she would like to own.

>
 She sighed. She was really bored. She fiddled with her hair, played with her jewellery and checked her make-up. She hated waiting around, especially when it was because Jack had just taken over and was doing all the fun stuff himself.

>
 She began to fiddle with the buttons in the car. First she played with the electric windows - just making sure they were all right. The one on her side certainly worked, and then she had to wait for someone to walk past before she tested the one on the passenger side. She didn't want people to think she was playing with the windows. Yep, the passenger side one worked, and so she tested the back ones. They both stuck for a fraction of a second, and she could hear them pulling out of their normal closed position. Obviously the back windows didn't get opened enough.

>
 Once again Rachel twiddled her thumbs and tapped her fingers on the steering wheel. Then she impulsively turned the windscreen wipers on. She pushed the lever up to spray water and then played with the speed of the wipers. She looked in the rear-vision mirror and thought that the back windscreen could do with a bit of a wash too. But this wasn't the type of car that had wipers on the back, so she had to let it be dirty.

>
 She looked around at nothing in particular and tried to think of ways to kill time. She punched the button to turn the radio on, and surfed through the channels. She was so disgusted by the choice of music that she promptly turned the radio off again. If only they had some good tapes in the car.

>
 Then she felt it was time to adjust the mirrors on the outside of the car. She sat there playing with the switch, making the mirrors go up and down and sideways, and eventually putting them back in the position they had started in.

>
 By this stage she felt like she was doing a routine vehicle check. So she checked that the indicators were working. Of course they were - and she probably would have got a bit of a shock if they hadn't been working. She flicked the switch for the hazard lights, but hastily turned them off again so that no one thought she was in trouble.

>
 She fiddled with the lights - parking lights, low beam, high beam. She played with the air-conditioning, trying to find the perfect setting. She finally decided that there had been nothing wrong with the air-conditioning to start with.

>
 She was tempted to take up smoking just so she could use the cigarette lighter, but she didn't have any cigarettes, and she also didn't feel like ruining her health. She pulled the car manual out of the glove box and began to read it. But within two minutes she was almost falling asleep so she put it back.

>
 Jack had been gone for almost an hour and Rachel was slowly going insane. She was sure she would scream soon. She was tempted to get out the flashing blue light and test it and the sirens.

> 'But stuff that' she thought, and went in to see where the bloody hell Jack was.

> She walked into the tiny restauranttake-away shop and saw Jack calmly munching away on a dim-sim. He was sitting opposite someone who had their back to Rachel and they were both ordering lunch.
> "Yeah, I'll have the lemongrass chicken," said Jack. "And we'll have a couple more dim-sims too."
 "And I," said the stranger with Jack, "will have beef in black bean sauce. And we'll have extra soy sauce with the dim-sims thanks love."
>
 Despite her foul mood, Rachel couldn't help it as a grin broke out on her face when she heard the voice. She walked over to the table, looked straight at Jack and said "You bastard." Then she hit the stranger over the head and smiled down at him.
>
 "Francis James Holloway"
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> And that would be the end.

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> Ah well, I've got to bring Frank back at every opportunity. PLEASE tell me what you thought. It can't take that long to say "it was amazing!" or "it was crap!" or anything in between. Seriously, the way I'm feeling at the moment, if I don't get any feedback, I might never write a fic again. So you'll all probably jump for joy at that one, but seriously - I need feedback.

> you know my address, but if you don't it's
erinwilson@trump.net.au

End
file.